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[1899]

Briton or Boer.

A warning to the Boers and their sympathisers.



"Are you a Briton or a Boer?" some foolish people ask;
To all such people let me say "I never wear a mask."
If you with Boers sympathize, why don't you join their ranks?
And by-and-by you'll realize you'll get but little thanks.

You will find yourself outlanded in a very little while,
And you cannot ride your hobby as you do on British soil.
Old Æsop, in his fables, had the likes of you in mind,
In the story of the serpent to which the old man was kind.

I am a friend of liberty in action and in speech,
But if you help the enemy and treason start to preach,
I'll treat you as an enemy, so keep out of my reach;
For the Boers and their methods I hate as dirty pitch.

We had enough of landlords and priestcraft of their kind,
Claiming earth and heaven, and slaving human kind.
Why should a few Dutchmen, with old Moses as their guide,
Own half a continent, while our fools take their side?

They first drove out the blackman and then squatted in his place;
And then they claimed, like Israel, they were a chosen race:
And what is most inconsistent about this selfish crew,
While they think a lot of Israel, they crush the modern Jew.

I have my own opinions about Catholics and Jews,
But I believe in equal rights for all men, independent of their views.
When a man lives in a country, and works as well as you,
To say "he is an Outlander," to me is something new.

Our fathers from the continent of Europe came at first,
And in the British Islands their dust returned to dust;
And now we, their children, are scattered o'er the globe,
But don't you call us "Outlanders," you dirty Boer Snob.

And to pro-Boer spouters I have just this much to say—
That if you back the enemy there's danger in your way.
When war starts between countries you cannot take both sides
So you better take your pass-ports if you wish to save your hides.

We sometimes have our quarrels 'bout religion and the likes,
But if you hit my neighbours be they Jacobs, Macs or Mikes,
We will lay aside discussion about Moses and the Pape,
And when we start to chase the Boer we'll clean him off the map.

You need not try to bluff us about Chamberlain and Rhodes,
They have set the people working in spite of Boer hordes;
So just give up your nonsense and do some honest work,
And you will all get justice, even Boer, Black and Turk

[Over.]

We know there are some matters to be still put right at home,
And our greatest trouble is not at all with Rome,
For we have established churches, English, Scotch and Welsh,
They are no use to most of us but still they eat our flesh.

We also have some landlords who monopolize the soil,
And by-and-bye will force them, like thieves, to drop the spoil.
But just at present let the Boers and such cattle understand,
We'll stand no more such nonsense as is practised in the Rand.

There is just this much about it that knaves must understand
When discussion comes to blows in ours, like any other land—
The man that takes the other side while covered by our roof,
If he does not want to fight himself he had better keep aloof.

There is a time for speaking and a time for keeping quiet;
There is a time for talking peace and another time to fight.
And if you want to stop the war you hypocrites and knaves,
Why don't you go to Africa and rescue Kruger's slaves?

You were all quite contented when our soldiers were besieged,
And when we chased the enemy you were not glad but grieved.
There's that conceited scoundrel, the spiritualist, Stead,
In any other country but our own, he'd lose his head.

He first blackguarded our Prince of Wales, then puffs Kruger and the Czar,
Who represent *diout* despotism as black as pitch and tar—
We all believe he's paid, like a pleader at the bar,
But it's all good money wasted, for he's now below par:

As you talk with such importance and think you are believed,
Why don't you talk to Kruger and get Mafeking relieved,
And ask why, on his birthday, he war on us declared,
And why he crossed our borders, and then our soldiers snared?

Our dogs walk on the sidewalk as they do in the Transvaal;
While in Transvaal the Kaffirs can't walk sidewalk at all.
They keep them with the cattle they stole from the black man,
And you pro Boer spouters, deny it if you can.

And now just in conclusion, here's to our soldier boys—
Be they English, Scotch or Irish, or French without alloys.
My heart beats when I see them, especially the kilts,
So the devil catch the Boer that any of them kills.

Price 1 cent.

Norman Murry, Bookseller and Newsagent, and publisher of
'Murray's Illustrated Guide to Montreal,' 21 Beaver Hall Hill.
Montreal.

[Over.

